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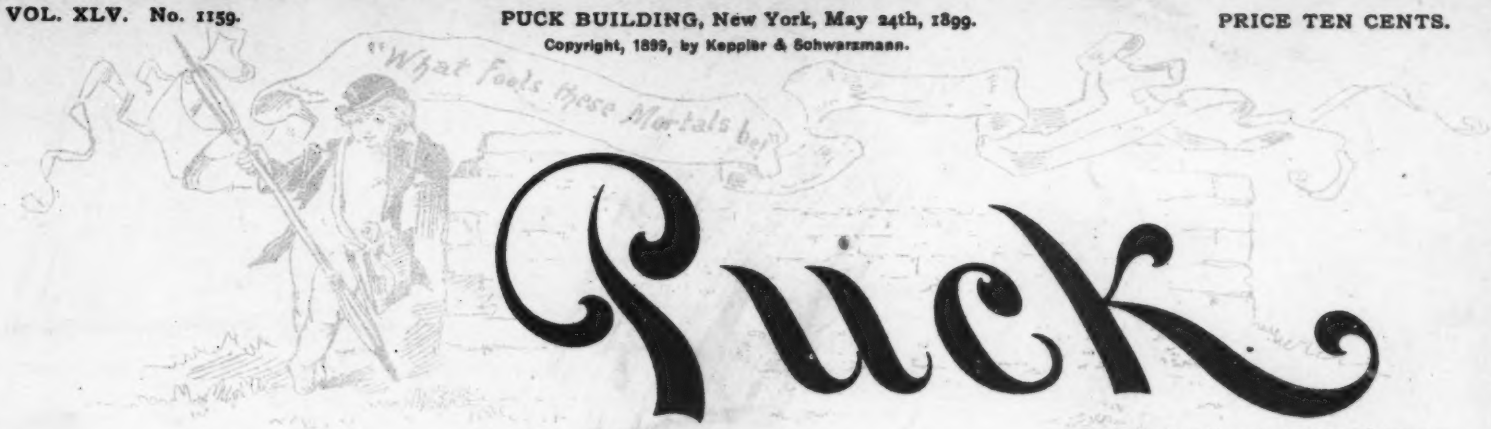

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THEY CAN'T HOLD HIM BACK.

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WHAT HE GOT.

ETHEL.—He offered me an engagement ring!
EDITH.—And of course you gave him the "glad hand!"

PICKINGS FROM THE INTELLECT OF LITTLE PLATO SMITH.

Does anybody ever try to skim the scum of the earth?

Pa says it 's awful hard on a man to be out of debt after he 's been in it all his life.

Sometimes I don't know whether I 'll write very wise books when I grow up, or just advertisements.

I wonder if May first will be the Fourth of July in Manila.

Worry is somethin' that affects a feller when he knows he 's got to do a thing and don't want to.

If boys did n't know a heap more than some folks thinks, half of 'em would n't grow up at all.

I never knew what a sad thing war was till Uncle Bill visited at our house, and told the same Shiloh story twenty-six times in two weeks.

Jimmy Jinkins queered his Sunday-school teacher the other day. She was sayin' that only one thing in this world was sure, and liable to happen at any minute 'thout warnin', and, of course, you know what it is. "Uh-huh!" said Jimmy; "we had another one come to our house last night."

When I 'm in school I think a good deal; but it 's mostly about how hungry I am.

David Henry.

SOMETIMES THE CASE.

MRS. NEWBRIDE.—A woman never knows what she can do with a man until she tries, does she?

OLD AUNT BROADHEAD.—No; and then she is often sorry she found out.

WANTED AN ANTIDOTE.

JOHNNY.—I 'd like to be a doctor, Mama.

MAMA.—Why?

JOHNNY.—I might find out something you could take to keep candy from hurting your teeth.

THERE ARE OTHERS.

WILLIAM WHITTLE.—Well, now, if we ally ourselves with England, is the alliance to be offensive?

SAMUEL STUBBLE.—It would be ter me, b'gosh!

ARISTOCRACY AND DEMOCRACY.

FIRST CITIZEN *(twenty-first century)*.—I understand there are to be two banquets in honor of Susan B. Anthony this year.

SECOND CITIZEN.—Yes; there is to be the exclusive, high-toned banquet at one dollar a plate, and a banquet for the rank and file at ninety-nine cents a plate.

BEFORE THE FUNCTION.

THE LION.—Why, no, dear; ladies never go to stag rackets. You don't seem to understand what a stag racket is.

THE LIONESS.—Why, is n't it an affair where they eat a stag?

SUPPLYING THE DEMAND.

"Truth," mused the reporter, "is stranger than fiction; but what the public want they must have."

He stopped musing and picked up his pen.

IT IS pretty hard to distinguish sometimes between moral courage and a lack of nerve.

THE WORLD will forgive almost anything if you give it time enough and a sufficient excuse.

A GIRL is n't an old maid until she begins to worry for fear she won't get married; a man is n't an old bachelor until he begins to worry for fear he will.

AN ORDER FOR A HAMMOCK.

MAKE ME a hammock, deep and strong,
Of hue and pattern tasteful —
Of dimensions not so very long,
For space this way is wasteful.
I 'm seeking a hammock built for three.
Not often you have call so
Unusual? It 's for Nell and me,
And for young Dan Cupid, also.

So common the hammock that 's built for two,
It barely draws attention;
But the one I am ordering now of you
Must hold the three I mention.
Make it with such a wonderful weave,
For comfort and ease designed us,
That Nell, by my side, will hate to leave,
And no bungling chump can find us.

The hammock must know my touch, of course,
Since I am the chap to use it;
But it must rear up like a balky horse
When another man would choose it.
And steady and true must this hammock swing
To the will of us happy three, sir;
For I wish to be sure that no such thing
As a "falling out" will be, sir!

Edwin L. Sabin.

THE CRITIC.

Here in this world of doubts and dreams — here in this phantom world of apparitions, where even the gossamer mists of morning are more ghost-like than they seem, there is one thing upon which all philosophers joyfully unite as an anchorage of undisputed fact: it is that professors of English know no English, and that reviewers of books know nothing of books.

Oh, for the glad, free life of the book reviewer who flits from weed to flower, and from flower to weed, and knows no difference!

When the sun is up, then, with the dew upon his little wing, he wingeth himself abroad. He lighteth, perchance, upon the rose, and wingeth away, saying, "It is but a poor thing;" and he lighteth upon the punkin blow and stayeth, for it remindeth him of the Rose of Sharon, which he knoweth well.

He wingeth to the poke-root flowers and reveleth in them; but he flieth away (now upon a bold and eagle wing) to fly up to the dizzy height of the pusley blossoms. He sippeth the gentle juices of the sunflower, and sayeth there was never a flower of all like the sunflower since the violet by the wayside spring, which he kneweth well. He flitteth with careless and spiral flight by the plumes of the corn, which he contemneth as useless; and he wantoneth by the apple-blossoms, which he contemneth as artificial, and he telleth us they are but a poor imitation of the true crewel-work of the golden age. Oh, for the rare old samplers! and will Nature ere again be natural?

And still he wingeth on, and anon he findeth a rare treat, indeed, in a little collection of modest trumpet blossoms; and at last he cometh to the flower of stone carved on a horse-block by a stone-mason, and he sayeth, "Here is beauty and life, indeed!"

Oh! to be a book-reviewer and at eve to feel the solemn joy of high accomplishment. To be rearing a noble edifice of literary criticism, thinking, if life is spared, soon to have the roof on, a green bush waving at the peak, and a keg of beer opened in the basement!

Oh! to be a book-reviewer, indeed! and to be happy and self-satisfied, instead of jumping in the sea!

Williston Fish.

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PUCKOGRAPHS. — I.

ONE CZAR WHO NEVER CALLED A PEACE CONGRESS.

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A STRIKING COINCIDENCE.

ALGY STAYLATE.— I sometimes wish, don't ye know, that I had been born a Rajah, — don't ye know, over in India, don't ye know!

BELLE BRITELY *(wearily)*.— Why, Mr. Staylate, how strange! I was just wishing that very same thing myself!

A DEFINITION.

JOHNNY.— Papa, what is a plutocrat?

PAPA.— A man who has as much money as I 'd like to have.

MADE HIM NERVOUS.

FIRST BURGLAR.— Oh, no! I 'm not goin' to rob a poor, lone, unprotected woman!

SECOND BURGLAR.— What 's de matter wit' yer?

FIRST BURGLAR.— Well, de way dem lone, unprotected women is goin' on dese times de chances is she 'd land de hull lot of us in jail.

HER METHOD.

WIFE. — Here are some household bills, dear, that came in to-day.

HUSBAND.—Hang it! Why can't you wait until I 've had my dinner?

WIFE.— I was going to give you my own bills then.

TONE.

JUNIOR PARTNER.— We 've advertised these silks at seventy-five cents per yard, and still they don't sell.

SENIOR PARTNER.—Well, advertise them at seventy-five cents *the* yard. Let 's try catering to the high-toned trade.

IN THE SUBURBS.

SUBURBANITE.— Good heavens! I forgot to lock the front door last night!

HIS WIFE.— O John! Is anything missing?

SUBURBANITE.—Yes; the cook 's gone!

QUICKLY EMPTIED.

"How much does that jug hold — a gallon?"

"I dunno. It don't seem like a gallon when yer drinkin' it!"

SWINDLED.

MARGARET *(contemplating her new sister)*.— Ma, where did you get the new baby?

HER MOTHER. — Oh! the doctor fixed it up down at his office and brought it to us.

MARGARET *(after a pause)*. — Say, Ma, don't you think we better try another doctor next time?

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HIS STATUS.

TANKSLEY.— But, m' dear, a drink of whiskey makes another man of me!

MRS. TANKSLEY.— You must be a whole gang of other men, by this time.

BOURGEOIS.

THE BUTCHER'S WIFE.— These Smiths ain't worth takin' much trouble for!

THE BUTCHER.— They buys lots of meat!

THE BUTCHER'S WIFE *(scornfully)*.— And pays cash for it!

LOOKING FORWARD.

For a cool place to swelter
Seeking I 'll roam,
Although it is cooler
To swelter at home.

HIS PA EXPLAINS.

BOBBY.— Pa, what is an all-round fellow?

FATHER.— He 's a many-sided man, my son.

WHAT HE WAS SHORT ON.

"To what do you attribute Swellham's failure in life? Did n't he aim high enough?"

"Oh, yes; but he did n't have the ammunition!"

HE WAS SPARED THAT.

"George Washington could n't tell a lie," said young Mr. Spatts, meditatively.

"What of it?" asked Bloobumper.

"I was just thinking that the Widow Custis could never have asked him if she was the only woman he had ever loved."

BUMPER.—Why are you so dead-struck on backing Dumps, the "dark horse" pugilist?

WINNERT.— Because he means business. He 's an ex-inmate of a mute asylum, and he talks with his hands.

AFTER THE CHECK WAS PAID.

OPPENHEIMER.— I t'ink if a vaiter vos egonomigal he might soon haf a restaurant of his own.

WAITER.— He might, sir; but you know we have lots of economical customers!

IN THE JUNGLE.

THE ELEPHANT.— How did the fight come off last night?

THE LION.— Oh! the tiger knocked spots out of the leopard.

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AN OBSERVER.

THE YOUNG MOUSE *(seeing a bat for the first time)*.— Oh! Mama, look! There goes a mouse on a flying-machine.

SAD, BUT NOT REPENTANT.

SHE.— Do you know, I imagine that the cat often looks sorrowfully at the canary's cage?

HE.— Well, that is n't remorse. The cat feels blue because we have n't procured another canary.

MY LITERARY SON.

MY LITTLE SON is fond of books
Although he is but three years old.
Upon the floor he through them looks
While o'er them fall his curls of gold.

Indeed, he thinks them very fine
And skims them with a hungry haste.
His favorites are also mine,
For he inherits all my taste.

When through with each majestic tome
He fancies, though he can not read —
Macaulay's England, Gibbons' Rome,
Lord Tennyson, or Adam Bede —

He clambers smiling on my knee
And asks me if I 'll kindly tell
Some story — and his eyes with glee
And wild anticipation swell.

And he repays me with a smile
Whene'er a joke I intersperse,
Or when, his fancy to beguile,
I improvise a nonsense verse.

He thinks my stories fairy gold;
Though old, to him they 're ever new.
Joy-thrilled he hears the tale unfold —
For his is Love's own point of view.

And I would fly sky-high above
My peers if book-folk, all and one,
Had the appreciation of
My little literary son.

R. K. Munkittrick.

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A PUZZLER.

TOMMY.— Wot was de hardest question de teacher asked yer ter-day?

BOBBY.— When he asked me would I sooner be licked with a strap or a ruler.

THE HAWVILLE DEBATING SOCIETY.

THE LAST session of the Hawville Debating Society, at which time the subject for debate was: "Resolved, that the fact that a lady has been presented at Court in England is *prima facie* evidence of her complete qualification to enter the most exclusive of Oklahoma's social circles," was an occasion of pleasure and profit to the participants.

There was no shooting, and the harmonious flow of the debate was but once interrupted, which was by an interpolation by the able editor of the *Weekly Clarion*, who rose in his place and begged leave to give utterance to a few remarks which, though not exactly apropos of the subject under discussion, had a vital bearing on a matter lying very near to his heart. Having secured the floor, the editor went on to say that he had arrived at a period in his career which promised to prove a full stop if certain of his fellow-citizens did not speedily adopt the never-dying tenets of the Golden Rule in their intercourse with him.

He proceeded to state that, after several years spent in laboring unceasingly, in season and out, for the advancement and upbuilding of the community, he now found himself in the position of the late Zaccheus at the time when he made his first appearance in Biblical lore — namely, up a tree — and if his delinquent subscribers did not step forward and do their duty he would undoubtedly be compelled to remain in that unenviable situation till he died of starvation.

He explained that prices and patronage were both so reduced that there was no longer any money in cutting hair. He had not cried an auction for more than eight weeks. There were no 'possums left in the timber along the creek. He had lost heavily on his last shipment of old bones, rags and iron, and was forced to decline to take any more of them on subscription. He declared that in his capacity as Justice of the Peace he had married only three couples during the past two months. In one case the groom paid him a bogus dollar; in another, a calf which died before morning; and the third groom pounded him within an inch of his life because the bride had fits.

He concluded by requesting his delinquent subscribers in the audience to pay up while yet the lamp held out to burn, and added that he hoped they would not say they did not have the money, as he was able to prove by incontrovertible statistics that the wealth of this country amounts to over $7,000,000,000. Somebody undoubtedly had his share and he wanted it.

At the conclusion of this impassioned appeal the debate was resumed and the question was at length decided in the affirmative by a majority of one vote. Mrs. Bronkhort-Smythe, the lady whose experience in British high life furnished the motif of the debate, was not present, but a deputation of the foremost society ladies of the settlement was appointed to call upon her on the following day and inform her of the result of the deliberation. Thereupon the meeting adjourned, and the fair women and brave men wended their several ways homeward, feeling that it had indeed been good to be there.

Tom P. Morgan.

SOMETHING TO BE GRATEFUL FOR.

MRS. OLETIME.— I think Mrs. Perkins has a great deal better opinion of her husband than he deserves.

MR. OLETIME.— Yes; and there are a lot of women like Mrs. Perkins. — God bless them all!

NOT LIKELY.

JONES. — Do you think the tramp problem will ever be solved?

BROWN. — Not if the tramp has to work it out.

SHE KNEW.

WIFE. — I 'll have to change the iceman.

HUSBAND. — What 's the use? One 's as bad as another.

WIFE.— But they 'd be a great deal worse if we did n't change them.

SO SHE THOUGHT.

HE.— Chappie is in love, but does n't know it.

SHE.— Lucky girl!

BUYING HIM OFF.

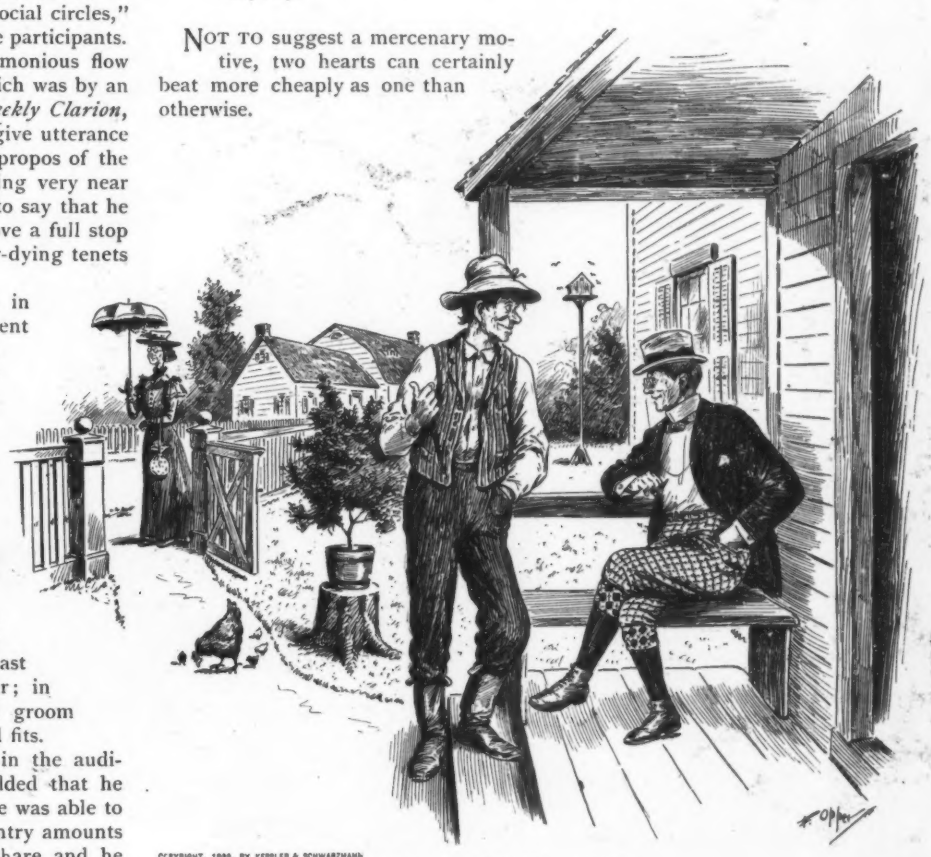
AMBROSE.— Beverly, I have proposed to your four-year-old daughter.

BEVERLY.— What did she say?

AMBROSE.— She said she could n't marry me, but she would give me a Maltese kitten.

WHEN POVERTY comes in at the door, Love comes off the perch, anyway.

NOT TO suggest a mercenary motive, two hearts can certainly beat more cheaply as one than otherwise.



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NO FURTHER HOPE.

VILLAGE COUSIN.— That maiden-lady over there is forty-seven years old and declares she has never been kissed by a man.

CITY COUSIN.— I should think it would be useless for her to wait any longer.

AN EXPERIMENT.

TREMOIRS LIFTED his chin from his chest and his eyes from the toe of his shoe and sighed dolefully.

"I don't believe she 'll have me," he said, for the some dozenth time.

I smoked on

"Why should she?" he asked, argumentatively.

"Why?" I asked, reflectively.

Tremoirs glanced at me. "What can she see in me?" he demanded

"True," I replied; "what?"

Tremoirs regarded me doubtfully. "It 's crass presumption in me to dare to love her," he asserted.

I nodded an enthusiastic assent.

Tremoirs glared at me for a full minute. "She is so lovely, and pure, and—and beautiful, that for a rough, crabbed, worldly fellow like myself to want to marry her seems almost like an insult," he said.

"It is," I agreed.

"Confound you!" cried Tremoirs, hotly. "I 'm as good as you are."

"Undoubtedly," I observed, in as sarcastic a tone as I could manage.

"And I 'll propose to her this very night, if you do think I 'm too big a scoundrel to," Tremoirs announced, bitterly, as he hastily departed.

Well, I suppose I 'm out a wedding present, but I 've proved my theory, which is that the self-abnegation lovers indulge in is simply unconscious hypocrisy.

Alex. Ricketts.

THE MEN WHO GIVE ADVICE.

If "all the world 's a stage—"
And who can doubt it any?—
You 'll certainly agree
The prompters are too many.

FROM A WOMAN'S STANDPOINT.

MISS GUSHLEY.—What are the most important periods in a woman's life?

AUNT BROADHEAD.—When she is married, and when she is n't.

A GOOD LAWYER is cheaper than a poor lawyer; he gets your money quicker—thus taking up less of your time.

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NO CHANCE FOR AN ARGUMENT.

BOOK-AGENT.—Is the lady of the house in?

COOK.—We 're *all* ladies here, yez moonkey-faced divil! If yez mane th' *mishtress*, say so!

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THE THORN OF LOVE.

CLAUDE.—Nuttin' is perfect in Nature! Every rose has its thorn!

RUDOLPH.—Alas! Claude, why is it? Why is it we can't experience de ecstatic sensation of love widout de girl to make us miser'ble?

BRASS BAND GREATNESS.

A MAN MAY be a very commonplace, ordinary and unknown man of only atomic consequence in the world, and yet if you serenade him with a brass band he will inform you of the high ideals which have ever actuated him, and of the particular course of life which has wrought the marvel of his being. He will explain, logically and deeply, to what he attributes himself.

And if you serenade a common and atomic man several times, and meet him at the train, he will go further and announce that this noble world, look you, is made up of the people he approves of and goo goos.

And this completes his inventory, catalogue and presentment of the universe. And thereafter the universe, which is large, remains the same as before except for the diminishing and presently inaudible hum of the poor gyrating atom which still, like all other atoms, is gyrating about nothing.

W. F.

FOUND ONE.

We 're told there is
No rhyme for "lemon,"
But how about
The sweet anemon-
E?

A NUISANCE.

MR. HOON.—I don't like to ask Jabberton about his health.

MRS. HOON.—Why not?

MR. HOON.—Oh! he promptly tells me about it.

A SINE QUA NON.

MRS. GOOD.—If you would only avoid liquor!

THE TRAMP.—Madam, you can't get along without it in my business.

A MAN may become a hero in an instant, but he can not stay a hero very long unless he dies.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

OUR DOMESTIC FILIPINOS. IT APPEARS that the American soldier has been pitted against two foes: the Filipino in his native jungle and the anti-American here at home, with his magazine-gun of pamphlets. It need hardly be said that he has vanquished both with a fine dash. Of his progress against the enemy abroad we read daily. His showing against the enemy at home is told by this newspaper bulletin:

CHICAGO, May 4th.—Theodore Wiese, who conducts a press-clipping bureau, received an order from the Anti-Imperialist League of Boston to examine the letters from soldiers in the Philippines, published in papers throughout this country, for the purpose of seeing what complaints the volunteers made. Up to to-day Mr. Wiese has clipped 3,000 letters from volunteers in the Philippines, and in only three instances was fault found with anything or anybody and a wish expressed by the writer to return home.

It only remains to say after this that Mr. Edward Atkinson and his fellow-conspirators have been taken altogether too seriously. In putting its embargo upon the Atkinson pamphlets the administration has taken about the only course that would have induced any one to read them; and such a course is palpably inhuman. By all means let Mr. Atkinson continue to fire his broadsides into our troops. The American soldier, regular or volunteer, is intrenched in a sentiment of loyalty to his country that is bomb-proof against such attacks.

DOES THE BLOW LAND? WHAT IS described as "a decisive blow at the Trusts" has been struck in Missouri. The National Lead Company, having sold paints to the amount of $791 to a St. Louis firm, brought suit to recover that amount, payment having been refused by the debtor. The Missouri Court decides that the National Lead Company, being a Trust, has no legal standing under Missouri laws and can not, therefore, recover. This is the blow, so-called. But to us it looks as if the St. Louis firm, in a moment of resentment or of frank business immorality, had amputated its nose to the great disfigurement of an otherwise pleasingly embellished countenance. For, what can the result be but this: that Trusts will hereafter sell no goods in Missouri except for cash in advance, or, at least, to none but firms in whose honor they have implicit confidence. In other words, does not this blow at the Trusts result chiefly in a restriction of credits? Putting entirely aside the merit or iniquity of Trusts, is this wise? Whatever may be alleged against these combinations, it is notorious that many Trusts can and do sell their commodities much cheaper than do their small competitors. But the Missouri merchant must now either pay the increased price demanded by the smaller concerns, or pay spot cash to benefit by the lower prices of the Trusts. Unquestionably it is a blow at the Trusts since it will, to some extent, diminish their sales; but is it not a greater blow to the Missouri merchant and, in consequence, to the Missouri consumer?

A GREAT PRACTICAL SERMON. THE magnificent charitable bequests of the Baron and Baroness Hirsch must be written down as one of the great things of our time. The reasons are more than appear on the surface. Indeed the surface reasons will be questioned by many. The contention that indiscriminate charity tends to create pauperism is not without truth. But it is an incomplete truth; for, like liberty, the cure for charity is more charity. The whole of the truth is that the beneficiaries of the Hirsch bequests are not alone the needy that are actually fed or clothed or schooled by the Hirsch money; but the world at large. We are all beneficiaries—every one of us to the extent of his intelligence; to the extent that he has come to think in any deep sense of the great, tragic, human problem. For by so much is our love for humanity expanded; by so much are we taught the great, all-including truth that our brother's well-being is inextricably woven into our own. By so much are we taught that the old system of mere sordid Getting will never satisfy the insistent, constant human longing that is in every one of us. Natures of rare and advanced development like these two Hebrew philanthropists push us a wonderful way toward the truth that there is but one sound gospel: which is the gospel of Giving.

* * *

It is the nearing of this truth, it should be noted, that is bringing such perplexity and consternation to the ranks of the old theologians. When we are learning so rapidly that the misery of one must, so long as it shall last, mean the misery of all; that there can not be real happiness in the world until "distribution is made unto every man according to his need," it is no wonder that we fall away from the old cruel belief that consigned the most of us to eternal torture; or that we repudiate the savage, revengeful monster which the Church has said was God. We have learned that even we have it in us to be kinder than that God; and reason is quick to tell us that the real God must be kinder than we. The Hirschs have preached the truest sermon of the age.

IN PEKIN.

LI HUNG CHANG.—Great Britain and Russia announce that they have agreed to defend the independence and integrity of China.

THE EMPRESS.—Agreed to defend the independence and integrity of China! Do my ears deceive me?

LI HUNG CHANG.—No, Your Majesty's ears do not deceive you; but—ahem!—I wish I could say as much for Great Britain and Russia.

HIS PALMY DAYS.

"And yet," said Aguinaldo, with a sigh, "time was when I was an important man."

"Yes, indeed!" replied his faithful friend. "Why, the papers used to issue extras every time you got licked!"

IN THE matter of meat contracts for the Spanish war, it looks as if the commissary department bit off more than the army could chew.

WELL! WELL!! WELL!!!

A number of Englishmen, Germans and Spaniards were present, and they all expressed unbounded astonishment, not only at the bravery of the men in battle, but the fortitude and cheerfulness of the wounded. It was a revelation to them, these two traits of the American soldier, which won their admiration and made them respect more fully the military potentiality of 70,000,000 of such people as these. This war has certainly been an educator. It has not only taught us better to know ourselves, but it has done much to open the eyes of foreign nations to the true character of the American people.—*Evening Post, May 8th.*

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DELIBERATE.

REUBEN RAILFENCE.—That young Sile Snaggs that worked fer you last year wants ter hire out ter me fer this season. How is he—a good, stiddy hand?

HENRY HOGLOT.—Yes, yes—extremely so! In fact, if he was any stiddier he 'd have ter be entirely motionless, b'gosh!

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

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ACKNOWLEDGING THE DEBT.

SPIRIT OF CIVILIZATION.—By your great gifts and your noble work for the poor of all creeds and races you have taught more of brotherly love than all the social theorists the world has ever known.

BARONESS HIRSC

THE CRUEL MASTER, THE ILL-TREATED ELEPHANT, AND HIS FRIEND, THE PORCUPINE.

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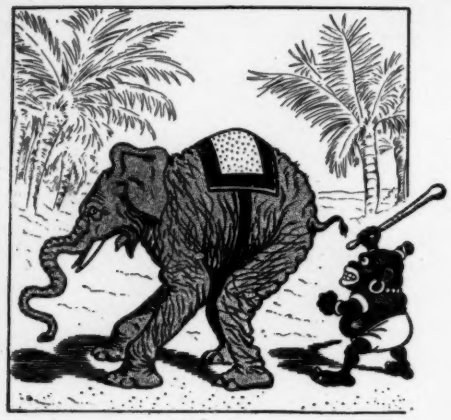
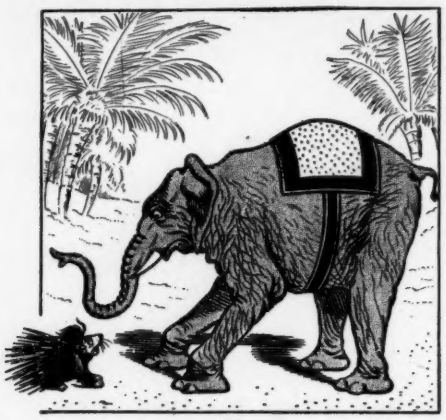


I.

THE CRUEL MASTER.—There! take *that*, and *that*, and *that!* I feel in a bad humor to-day, and I've got to lick some one.

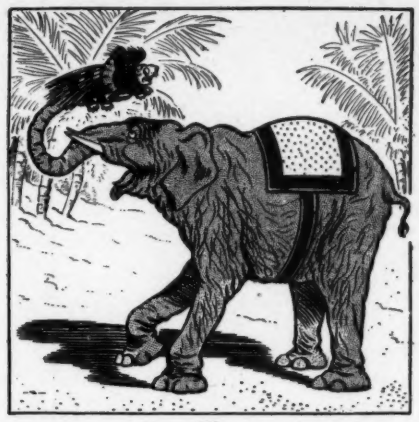


II.

THE ELEPHANT *(later)*.—Say, Porky, do you know my master?

THE PORCUPINE *(grinding his teeth)*.—Well, I just guess I do! He threw a cocoanut at me yesterday and nearly broke my head!

THE ELEPHANT.—Well, we will be revenged!



III.

"Now, you follow my instructions, and we will give him a few points. Let me put you on my back.

IV.

"There! Now lay low, here comes the brute, now."

V.

THE CRUEL MASTER.—Now, you old sole-leather monstrosity, I want to go to see my best girl! Up! Up!

VI.

"I tell you what, a clubbing does these beasts a heap of good once in ——

VII.

"—— ! —— !!***!!!*** —— !!!*!"

VIII.

THE ELEPHANT.—Come on, Porky! We'll take a vacation in the jungle. He won't be able to ride me for a month.

AN OBITUARY.

(From the "Arcadie Herald.")

WE GREATLY sorrow our duty calls
That we shall publish the death, to-day,
Of one of the earliest loves of all
To guide a couple through Primrose Way.
In growing boroughs like Arcadie
Such solemn services must increase;
And though a veteran falls like he,
We can but pray, "To his ashes, peace."

Our readers know of the wolves that shove
Fierce noses over our gates, and try
To catch and slaughter some frail young love;
But these assaults did the dead defy.
The green-eyed monster that serves to scare
So many loves from an errant flight,
For long had skillfully stalked this pair,
At last bereaved by his poisoned bite.

Of course, the couple left Arcadie
Directly after the tragic blow;
But such occurrences need not be
If our subscribers take warning: Though
Your love is sturdy enough to throw
The threshold wolves in a rout, look out
For that green-eyed animal, lying low
Within the venomous Woods of Doubt.

Layton Brewer.

HER AMBITION.

MRS. MANHATTAN.—You seem very proud of your daughters.

MRS. LAKESIDE.—Yes;—they have all divorced so well.

WHEN IT comes to making a living some people never seem to get beyond the stage of unprogressive amateurism.

RATHER SLOW.

The Wagner cycle is the hobby
Of the haut ton. It
Were not so bad to ride, happen
'T were geared up a bit.

COULD N'T GET TO TALK.

"That is the bookkeeper's girl that he is talking with over the telephone."

"How do you know?"

"I heard him say, 'Now—let me tell you!' seven times."

A GOOD COMPANION.

BROWN.—Will whiskey stop a cold?

JONES.—No; but it goes well with one.

FINANCIAL WONDERS.

"Henry, think of paying two thousand dollars for a dog!"

"H'm! Think of being *able* to pay two thousand dollars for a dog!"

THE MAN HE WAS LOOKING FOR.

FIRST BUNCO MAN.—How did you get onto him? He does n't look like a good thing.

SECOND BUNCO MAN.—No; but I noticed him at a news-stand buying a pamphlet on How to Make Money in Wall Street.

WHEN A heavyweight woman affects a welterweight vivacity, she is certainly outclassed.

DON'T GO to a doctor with a broken heart; he is likely to call it appendicitis and operate.

THE SHOCK.

THE MERCHANT uttered a sharp exclamation and sank back in his chair. A telegram fell from his shaking hand. His eyes were wide, his face white, beads of perspiration stood on his brow. The men in the outer office whispered among themselves.

"Touch of heart disease?" asked one.

"No; the old man can't take up a note," said another. "I've heard rumors of that kind. We fellows will have to be looking for another place."

"Get to work; — he's coming to again."

The merchant wiped his brow, fetched a despairing sigh, picked up the paper from the floor, frowned and stamped his foot, as if to summon all his resolution, placed the telegram on his desk and forced himself to read the bitter message. This was it:

"DEAREST JAMES: Please send the waist for my grosgrain suit at once. You will remember the one, as it has revers on the fromage and chained stitched biases on the back. It is in the lower trunk in the closet beside the hall room, under your Winter overcoat. If not there, it must be in the sealed box on the third shelf in the front-room closet. If you don't find it there, it must be somewhere else. The trunk keys are in the second bureau-drawer, unless they were put in the chiffonier; and I think the closet keys are in a vase on one of the mantels. Pack the waist so as not to wrinkle it; and, Oh! James, please do not swear! Your loving wife. Collect."

S. C.

TOO UTOPIAN.

"All these disarmament schemes," began the profound student of sociology, "are impractical to a certain extent. The way to induce nations to abstain from war is to thoroughly impress upon each of their statesmen and citizens the horrors which invariably accompany it. When more people understand the grim and ghastly work of war, when they can look ahead and see the heartrending consequences which follow in its train, then, and not until then, will the sword be turned into the ploughshare, and the gun into bicycle tubing."

"And is there no way to do this?" inquired the philanthropic friend.

"I know of no way, unless — unless we could, somehow or other, arrange to have the war investigation precede the war."

DURING THE GEOGRAPHY LESSON.

TEACHER. — How is China divided?

PUPIL. — Into — er — slices!

HIS RELIANCE.

FIRST TAMMANY MAN. — I hope all this won't count against us next election.

SECOND TAMMANY MAN. — Oh, say! the people'll disremember half of this before that time.

A PERFECT EXAMPLE.

TOM DICK. — Say, old man, can you give an example of an irresistible force meeting an immovable body?

HARDY UPTON *(sadly)*. — *Can* I? You bet! Miss Gotrox's father says I can't marry her until I pay my debts; and I can't pay my debts until I marry her!

A CHA.

A maiden of old Ala.
Obeyed the advice of her Ma.
She knew where she was @,
For she told her beaux, "Sc@!"
And wed a rich canned-beef emba.

WE BELIEVE, readily enough, that everything deteriorates with age, except liquor and ourselves.

IT IS a great trial to us to see the world imposed on by so many incompetent people.

AFTER THEY SAW THE KINETOSCOPE VIEWS.

JOHNNY. — It 's great, is n't it? The whole fourteen rounds!

TOMMY. — It 's something like one of them Indian fights; — it 's exciting enough, but you know just how it 's going to end.

YACHT CLUBS.

LANDLUBBER. — Is n't it always the man who can open the most champagne who is elected Commodore in the big yacht clubs?

YACHTSMAN. — Yes; — and in the little clubs it is the member who can open the most beer.

HIS GLOOMY REPORT.

"Were there no cooks at the intelligence office?" inquired his wife, anxiously.

"There were," said the suburbanite, putting down his bundles and heaving a deep sigh; "but they all had been in this village before."

SOME THEOLOGIES regard the world as being in the nature of a coaling station for hell.

LATER ON.

Man, so they tell us, is but clay,
And you and I, dear brother, may,
When Death has trumped our final trick,
Wish *our* kind had been "fire-proof
brick."—*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

A WEDDING occurred in Washington, D. C., the other day, at which the groom was the great-great-great-grandson of President Adams. This endless-chain business is being worked to death.—*Norristown Herald.*

A GOOD scare is worth more to a man than good advice.—*Atchison Globe.*

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

Heads the List of the Highest-Grade Pianos.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade.

Our name spells—

S—O—H—M—E—R

New York Warerooms, SOHMER BUILDING 170 Fifth Ave., Cor. 22d St.

Rae's Lucca Olive Oil...

Combines Perfection of Quality with Absolute Purity

S. RAE & CO., Leghorn, Italy.

Established 1836.

THE HAND-MADE TIRE.

Most pneumatic tires are made by forming rubber mixed with quantities of sulphur or similar substance around a lining of cotton cloth and then curing the rubber portion of the tire by subjecting the whole tire, cotton and all, to the heat of a vulcanizer. It cures the rubber all right, but it kills the cotton.

These are the only tools you 'll need.

The DUNLOP TIRE is not made this way. By our "hand-made" process we preserve the cotton in all its original strength and elasticity, producing a comfortable and resilient tire, and not a dead and flabby one.

Our booklet tells all about it. To be had of all dealers, or of us. : : : :

THE AMERICAN DUNLOP TIRE COMPANY,

BELLEVILLE, N. J. CHICAGO, Ill.

SHE.—I 'm sure I 've cast my bread on the water many a time, and I don't see any results.

HE.—No; I guess your bread would sink, dear.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

There are a lot of men who never wore garters. They don't know how much more self-satisfied a man feels who does. It is about the same as the man who never ate pie, he don't know what he 's missing. To those men who have never tried pie we recommend "The kind that mother made." To those who have never worn garters we say, try the "Boston Garter," no other will give half the satisfaction.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

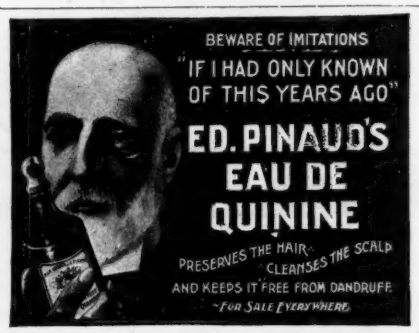
SNAPPED UP.

"That amateur palm reader told me I would make a good housekeeper."

"Well, what did you say?"

"I told him it was rather sudden, but he might speak to Papa."—*Detroit Free Press.*

WE will be so glad to see Spring that we will not object if she brings a bandy-legged man in a golf-suit with her.—*Atchison Globe.*



INSTEAD of cultivating a more definite aim in life, the average man wastes his time in searching for a larger and easier target.—*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

WHEN a girl of sixteen, who is pretty, and has good clothes, gets a sad look in her eyes, it means that she has heard it is becoming; nothing more.—*Atchison Globe.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

AT THE SHOW.

UNCLE HIRAM.—I wonder if them girls gits paid much?

AUNT TILLY.—Looks like ter me as if they just make a bare living?

CRESCENT BICYCLES

We have put years of honest, untiring labor into the effort to produce a perfect bicycle, and we believe that for both men and women our Crescent Bevel Gear Chainless Bicycle for '99 is a wheel without a parallel.

PRICE $60.

Catalogue No. 11, containing "Care of the Wheel," Free.

Adults' Chain Models, $35.
Juvenile Models (24-inch wheels), $25.

WESTERN WHEEL WORKS, MAKERS, CHICAGO NEW YORK

JACK.—Miss Scribbler seemed very much hurt when old Dr. Critique told her she would never become very famous.

GLADYS.—And now, I s'pose, she thinks him "just too horrid!"

JACK.—Oh, no! She quite forgave him when he explained, glancing at her feet, that she could make only small "footprints in the sands of time."—*Princeton Tiger.*

THE next day after an unlucky man makes an investment in cattle, some one discovers a new disease that is very fatal to cattle.—*Atchison Globe.*

An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

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BILL.—There are a few men in our army who, I believe, would rather fight than eat.

JILL.—Yes; but it looks, from late developments, that a large majority of them are more particular about their eating than they are about their fighting.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Fastest Trains in the World—On the New York Central.

There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak.

Kodak

Simplicity and Kodak Quality created the standard by which all cameras are measured.

That's why the clerk says: "It's as good as a Kodak," when trying to sell an inferior camera.

Kodaks $5.00 to $35.00.

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America's Leading Champagne

FOR AMERICAN PEOPLE

"SPECIAL DRY," a pure dry wine with perfect sparkle, fermented in the bottle and pleasing to the majority of tastes.

"BRUT," as dry as can be made under the French process, purity itself, with delicate bouquet and flavor, is highly recommended by our prominent physicians as a tonic to convalescents.

"GOLD SEAL" is served at all first-class hotels, cafés, and clubs at half the price of the imported. Call for it.

For sale by all leading grocers and wine-merchants. Send for booklet I, illustrating process of manufacture.

URBANA WINE CO. URBANA, N.Y.

A SOUND INSTITUTION.

BANK DIRECTOR.—I am surprised, sir, to learn that you drop into our bank every day and whisper tips to our cashier. Don't you know the information must be a great temptation to him to use the bank funds to speculate with?

WEALTHY BROKER.—Yes.

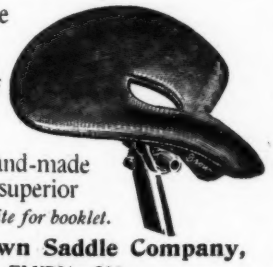
"And yet you are a heavy stockholder in our bank."

"Just so."

"Then, in the name of common sense, what 's your motive?"

"Well, the fact is, I don't know whether your cashier is honest or not; but if he is n't honest, and if he does use the bank funds to speculate with, I want him to keep on the right side of the market. See?"—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Brown Saddles



represent the highest perfection of the art of saddle building. They are hand-made and a very superior article. *Write for booklet.*

The Brown Saddle Company,
ELYRIA, Ohio.

After breakfast—
Going to car—
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Walking to office—
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Dictating letters—
After lunch—
During interviews—
Going home—
With your coffee—
if you will smoke

BETWEEN THE ACTS

LITTLE CIGARS

you will not only save half your cigar money but experience a new enjoyment in smoking. They are big enough for a good short smoke and little enough not to waste and good enough for any one. A box of 50 for 50c., delivered prepaid.

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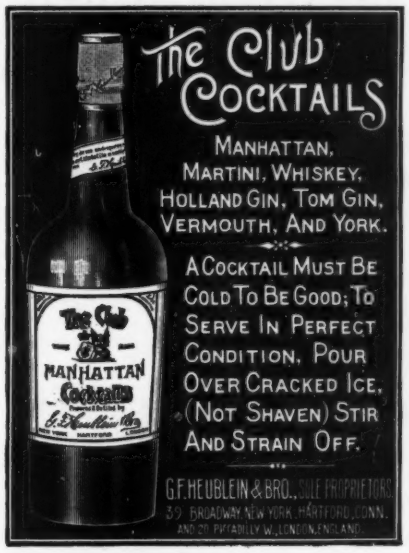

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MANHATTAN, MARTINI, WHISKEY, HOLLAND GIN, TOM GIN, VERMOUTH, AND YORK.

A COCKTAIL MUST BE COLD TO BE GOOD; TO SERVE IN PERFECT CONDITION. POUR OVER CRACKED ICE. (NOT SHAVEN) STIR AND STRAIN OFF.

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39 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. HARTFORD, CONN.
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CANDY Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, *prepaid* east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

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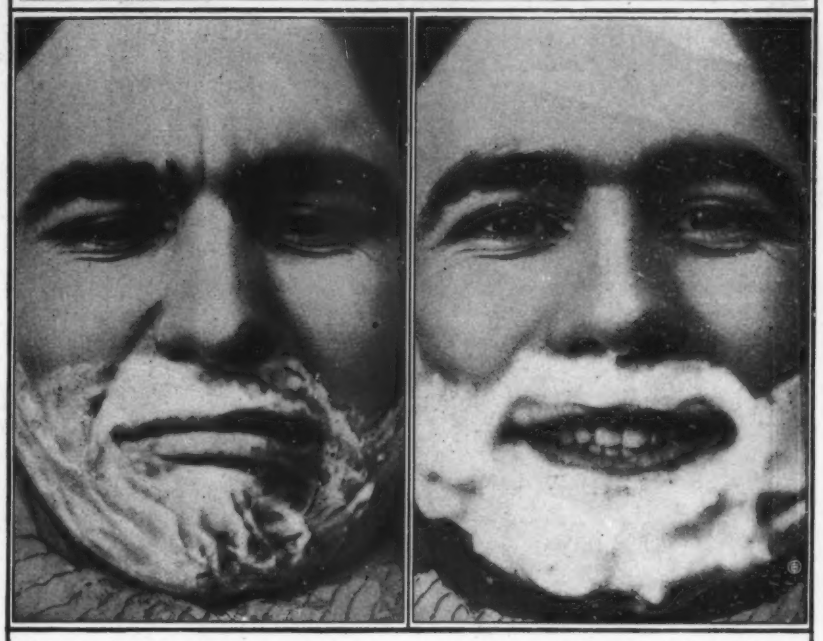
METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spalls; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mnfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

Now Ready: PICKINGS FROM PUCK, No. 31.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



This is how he looked when he tried a substitute for Williams' Soap, which his dealer urged upon him.

This is his expression when he had again procured the "Old Reliable" Williams' Shaving Soap.

DON'T be persuaded to buy something represented to be "just as good as WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP, and a little cheaper." The dealer may make a trifle more, but you'll be sad. Instead of the Big, Thick, CREAMY Lather, and the SOOTHED, REFRESHED, VELVETY FEELING of the face, that comes after shaving with WILLIAMS' SOAP, the chances are that you'll get one of the thin, frothy, quick-drying kinds that dull the razor and leave your face parched and drawn and smarting, if nothing worse.

It DON'T PAY to take chances on SHAVING SOAP. 99 out of every hundred men will tell you that Williams' are the ONLY PERFECT shaving soaps.

Williams' Shaving Soaps are used by all first-class barbers, and are sold everywhere.

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25 cts. **Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25 cts.**
Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10 cts. **Williams' Glycerated Tar Soap, 15 cts.**
Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40 cts. Exquisite also for Toilet. Trial tablet for 2-cent stamp. By mail if your dealer does not supply you.

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EVIDENTLY A "NIT."

CASSIDY.—In this blessid country of ours a man can come up from nothing! Just look at our Mayor!

KERRIGAN.—Did he come up from nothing?

CASSIDY.—He did! He has n't got a drop of Irish blood in his veins!

Good health largely depends upon good digestion; good digestion is gained by the use of Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. All grocers and druggists.

The increase in the sales of *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne* is something enormous. Purity and superiority will tell.

Beer that is Healthful

The main difference between good beer and bad beer is in the after effects—not the taste. You discover part of that difference. You notice, for one thing, that pure beer—Schlitz Beer—doesn't make you bilious.

But the main difference goes unnoticed. Pure beer is good for you; bad beer is unhealthful. But both effects are so gradual that you may not know what has caused them.

Yet two things are certain. First, pure beer is the right beer—purity is far more important than you think.

Second, Schlitz beer is pure beer. Its reputation for purity is of 50 years' standing, and it will be forever maintained.

What purity means to you, and how extreme are the measures by which we attain it, are told in our book. Please send for it.

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The Greatest Gift Is Health.

WOMAN'S LOVING TRUST.

Now in this age of Trusts, alas!
Fair woman plays her part;
The Summer-Girl lets no chance pass
To syndicate her heart.
—*Catholic Standard and Times*

VENTURED NO OPINION.

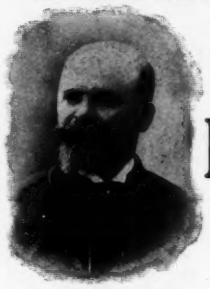
"What 's the matter with you?" asked the friend.

"I have n't the least idea," answered the very cynical invalid. "The surgeons are going to operate for appendicitis."
—*Washington Star.*

ALL fools are n't alike by any means; there 's an aristocracy among fools, and you 'll find them wherever you find an aristocracy.—*Adams Freeman.*

CHEW

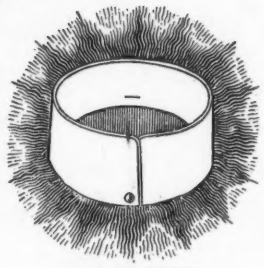
Beeman's



The Original Pepsin Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others Are Imitations.

ARROW BRAND 2 FOR 25¢



"CLAUSON"
A Full Dress Favorite
CLUETT, PEABODY & CO
MAKERS

ONE QUALITY NOT REQUIRED.

JEWELER.—Want one that strikes for the quarters and halves?

CUSTOMER.—No, no! I 've a wife and six grown daughters.—*Jewelers' Weekly*

TEACHER.—Do you know what a round robin is?

TOMMY.—Yes'm; it 's what the burglars were doing the other night.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Rambler BICYCLES

run easily because they are correctly and carefully made.

Ramblers are so popular because it is "good form" to ride them and the price is fair.

Price $40

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Country House Furnishings.

Oriental Rugs,
Chinese and Japanese Mattings,
Lace and Muslin Curtains,
Tapestries and Chintzes, Beds and Bedding.
Estimates Furnished.

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NEW YORK.

ECCENTRICITIES OF RHYME.

A lady who learned in the ballet
With steps highly graceful to dallet
On the show bills was known
As M'lle. Fanfarone;
But her true name was Sallet McNallet.
—*Washington Star.*

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. L, Lebanon, Ohio.

YOU CANNOT ENJOY YOURSELF

In an unhealthful climate, however attractive your surroundings may be. The climate of Colorado splendidly supplements the grandeur of its mountain scenery. May we send you our beautifully illustrated book, "Picturesque Colorado," descriptive of the most fascinating portions of the Rocky Mountain region? Enclose two-cent stamp to prepay postage to

T. E. FISHER, Gen'l Pass. Agt.
"THE COLORADO ROAD"
717 K Cooper Building, DENVER, COLO.

EVERY man is his own worst enemy and his own worst barber.—*Adams Freeman.*

RECENT CABLES state that Pope Leo XIII practically sustains life by the use of Vin Mariani, the world-famous tonic.

DID YOU EVER COLLECT STAMPS?—There is much pleasure and money in it. For only 5 cents we will start you with an Album and 50 different stamps from Cuba, Phil. Isl., Porto Rico, etc., and our 80-page list, etc. We Buy Old Stamps. Standard Stamp Co., St. Louis, Mo

THERE never was a cough medicine equal to wearing your flannels until late in the Spring.—*Atchison Globe.*

LIGHT ON HER HESITATION.

HE.—Be mine, darling. You are the lamp that alone can light my existence.

SHE.—Yes, dear; but Papa does n't think you are a good match for me.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

EVERY man regards the hour at which he retires as the best time for all honest people to be in bed.—*Atchison Globe.*

If your stomach is deranged, try a half spoonful of *Dr. Siegert's* Angostura Bitters in a little wine before meals.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street. } NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order

HOMER UNMASKED.

"Say, Dad, I guess Homer was n't much of a poet, after all."

"What put that idea in your head, my son."

"Why, teacher said to-day that she did n't believe he ever sued a publisher"
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

SCOTLAND'S BEST.
RODERICK DHU
M. F. Frame, Sole Agent, 11 Broadway, N. Y.

ABOUT FIFTY SUBURBAN TOWNS.

The latest issue of the "Four Track Series" is No. 23, entitled "Real Rapid Transit to Fifty Suburban Towns."

In this very useful publication, just issued by the Passenger Department of the New York Central, will be found a brief description of the towns and villages located on the Hudson, Harlem and Putnam Divisions within forty miles of New York.

Here you will learn the distance from the city, the number of trains, time and rate of fare, with maps showing the location of each place, list of reliable real estate agents having places to sell or rent, etc

A copy will be sent free, post paid to any address, upon receipt of a one-cent stamp by George H Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

A BLUE JAY—One who has been buncoed.
L. A. W. Bulletin.

GENUINE GUYOT SUSPENDERS

Merit always wins. Every man who suspenders his trousers with the GENUINE GUYOTS can feel confident that he is getting the most comfort for the least money. Sample pair on receipt of fifty cents in stamps. OSTHEIMER BROS 621 Broadway, New York

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—*Ram's Horn.*

Tourists,
Cyclists, Canoeists,
Yachtsmen,
Summer Resorters,

and all members of the Great Army of Pleasure-Seekers, pin your faith to

Evans' Ale

for being the one truly good beverage that can always be depended upon.

Refreshing,
Appetizing, Satisfying,
Easy to Get,
Easy to Serve, Always Ready,
No Sediment.

Any Dealer will supply it.

IF YOU'RE A PIPE SMOKER
A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE THAT
GOLDEN SCEPTRE
IS PERFECTION.
We will send on receipt of 10c. a sample to any address. Catalog free.
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Pears'

What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

THE SEASON'S MADNESS.

The humble clerk now leaves his pen,
The merchant prince his hoard,
To join a mighty throng of men
Who sit upon a board
And howl in frenzied gladness when
Another run is scored.
—*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

SOME forms of Bible study are attempts to satify soul hunger by eating the dishes instead of the dinner.—*Ram's Horn.*

To gladden happy homes it requires the melodious notes and refining influences of a Piano, and the perfect ones only will give full satisfaction. The Sohmer Pianos are pronounced superior to all others by leading artists.

SHE LIKED THE WIRELESS KIND.

"I 'm so glad this new kind of telegraphing is a sure thing."

"Why so, Mamie?"

"Because George always gets so mad whenever I write anything loving on these yellow message sheets."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

COLUMBIA,
Hartford and Vedette
BICYCLES.

An experience of 22 years in the application of the best methods of cycle building, and our unequaled manufacturing facilities, enable us to offer the purchaser the most desirable combinations of DESIGN, QUALITY AND PRICE.

NEW MODELS.

Chainless,	$75
Columbia Chain,	50
Hartfords,	35
Vedettes,	$25, 26

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Universal Satisfaction
shows this:
The Purest Type of the Purest Whiskey is
Hunter Baltimore Rye

That is all, but that is everything. It is
The Best Whiskey in America
10 Years Old
Rich, Mellow

Sold at all First-class Cafés and by Jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

SPAIN might have known if she made war against a flag bearing thirteen stripes something would happen.—*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

ENTHUSIASTIC COPYISTS.

SHE.—I wonder why it is that the Japanese are so enthusiastic about everything from America. It is said that they are copying us in everything.

HE.—Until a comparatively recent period the Japanese knew nothing about kissing. They learned that from Americans, and now everything from America goes.—*New York Weekly.*

CASHIERS

protected with a SMITH & WESSON Revolver are let severely alone.

SMITH & WESSON Revolvers have a reputation to sustain

SMITH & WESSON,
8 Stockbridge Street,
Springfield, Mass.

Catalogue for a stamp.

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A SAD SUBJECT.

FIRST HEN.—You look gloomy.

SECOND HEN.—Well, I was thinking of all the eggs that are boiled and fried, when they might be hatched.

The Improved
BOSTON GARTER
is an Essential of the Well-Dressed Man.
ALWAYS EASY
EVERY PAIR WARRANTED
THE Velvet Grip CUSHION BUTTON CLASP
Lies flat to the leg—never slips, tears nor unfastens.
THE NAME "BOSTON GARTER" is stamped on every loop.
Sold Everywhere
Sample Pair, Silk 50c, Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.
GEO. FROST CO. Makers
Boston, Mass.

THE Keeley Cure

Alcohol, Opium, Tobacco Using

Produce each a disease having definite pathology. The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at the following Keely Institutes:

Inebriety—A Disease.

Inebriety, Morphine and other Drug habits are dependent upon a diseased condition of the nervous system. The victim of the disease again and again puts forth the most heroic efforts to reform, but his disease is too absolutely overpowering to be conquered by resolutions. The will-power he would exercise if he could is no longer supreme. Alcoholic stimulants have so congested the delicate nerve cells that they cannot respond to the performance of their functional duties, and the helplessness of the victim's condition is as inexplicable to himself as it seems inexcusable to his friends.

The Keeley treatment cures this disease by restoring the nerves to a perfectly healthy state. **It cures by removing the cause.** The result is that the patient is left in a normal and healthy condition, and he has neither craving, desire, nor necessity for stimulants.

Over 300,000 men and women to-day have been permanently cured of the disease of inebriety through Dr. Keeley's treatment, which is administered only at institutions authorized by him.

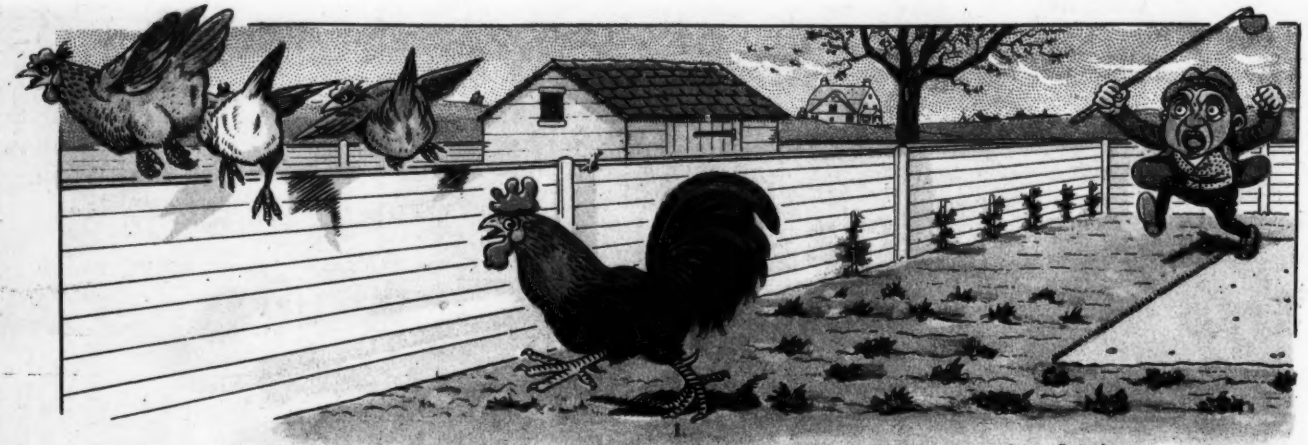
The treatment at these institutions is pleasant, no restraint is imposed; it is like taking a four-weeks' vacation: the patient only knows he is cured.

Detailed information of this treatment, and proofs of its success, sent free upon application to any of the following Institutes:

ADDRESS THE KEELEY INSTITUTE at either
Hot Springs, Ark.
Denver, Colo.
18th and Curtiss Sts
West Haven, Conn.
Washington, D. C.
211 North Capitol St.
Dwight, Ill
Marion, Ind.
Newark, N. J.
60 East Park St.
Crab Orchard, Ky
New Orleans, La.
1628—38 Felicity St.
Portland, Me.
151 Congress St.
Lexington, Mass
Benton Harbor, Mich.
179 Pipestone St.
Kansas City, Mo.
716 W. 10th St.
North Conway, N. H.
Buffalo, N. Y.
358 Niagara St.
White Plains, N. Y.
Greensboro, N. C.
Columbus, Ohio,
90 N. 4th St.
Philadelphia, Pa.,
812 N. Broad St.
Pittsburg, Pa.,
4246 Fifth Ave.
Providence, R. I.
Charleston, S. C.,
Vanderhorst and Smith Sts.
Salt Lake City, Utah,
17 Grape St. 1st North.
Richmond, Va.,
1012 E. Marshall St.
Waukesha, Wis.

Address the Institute nearest you.

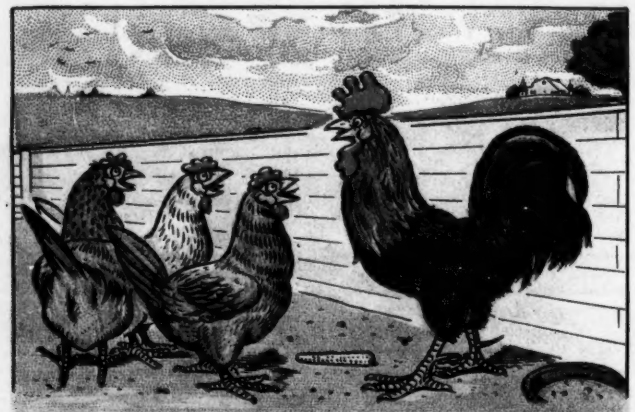
"Non-Heredity of Inebriety," by Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, mailed upon application.



MR. OUTERTOWN.—Confound it all! Subbubs's chickens don't do a thing to my garden. I can't say anything to him or he will get mad. Yet, if they keep this up I 'll have no garden at all.

II.

"I can't get that chicken nuisance out of my mind. Look at that negro false-face; is n't it funny? Negro! Chickens! By Jove! I have an idea. I 'll buy that mask!"



III.

SUBBUBS'S ROOSTER *(the next day)*.—Say, girls, let's make another raid on those tender sprouts in the next yard!

IV.

"I heard the man swearing about our coming over here; but what do we care?

V.

(As he spies the scarecrow),—"Back, girls! Back, for your lives! I know that class of citizens only too well!

VI.

"That gave me the worst shock I 've had since one night last Winter, when that very same fellow came crawling into my hen-house and wrung the necks of four of the best of us. Keep this side of the fence, ladies!"

MR. OUTERTOWN.—I thought that would fetch them! Never say, after this, that a fowl has no instinct of self-preservation.

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